AGAWAM MIRROR

AGAWAM MASSACHUSETTS

Member of Western Massachusetts League of School Publications

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EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS, 1941

A whimsical and vain group of words, outmoded by unparalleled events is the familiar old refrain, "Peace on earth, good will to men." But at this season we all pause to ponder that phrase in our hearts. Christ's day of tranquillity finds mankind again engaged in conflict and bloodshed.

Is peace then non-existent? It is so only if we choose to render it void, for we all hold within ourselves the key to a form of peace. Whatever the external turmoil, we can still attain personal peace of mind. When Thomas Jefferson had finished the immortal Declaration of Independence, was he apathetic and unmoved? To the very limit of his capacity he must have been thrilled! He had really accomplished something. He had succeeded in transcribing from his heart a document which voiced the sentiments of an entire courageous nation. We, too, can experience this satisfaction. Whether we write a best seller or conquer an algebra problem, we share the identical sensation of a job well done. We can find a measure of peace through the medium of work.

We can inaugurate a good neighbor policy throughout the New Year. We can try to be a little more sympathetic, a little more friendly to our associates. We can be willing to overlook faults that we may see virtues. We can try to be good sports. We can play this game of life fairly. Cheating and lying are as detrimental to peace of mind as war is to humanity. We can't remake this troubled world, but we can help to create peace on earth through good will to men. In so doing we shall also find peace within ourselves.

Above all, we must not lose faith in God, for this trust is of necessity the keystone of peace. Of what avail is external serenity if we have lost the most vital spiritual tranquillity from faith in an external scheme? Dictators may conquer nations and peoples, but they can never incarcerate the souls of men.

Through the coming year, we shall remember that peace is not necessarily where we find it but rather where we create it.

Marion Langevin, '43

OUR SUPERINTENDENT

Who is that genial person walking down the hall? He is the nicest and best-liked person in the Agawam High School. When his bright, cheery, bespectacled face appears, everyone says, "Hello" and receives him most cordially. His little whims and stories bring joy and laughter into all our hearts. Although he may be humorous, he also has a serious side to his life. He is a person whom you can trust with your most serious problems — problems which can't be coped with in school, not arithmetic problems, but real honest-to-goodness problems. He gives his views and opinions, and he is always ready to debate a subject He knows what is bad for one and what is good. With these things in mind, he gives the students sound advice. Because of these qualities, he is, without a doubt, the best-loved person in the school.

Donald Curran, '44

COURTESY

In the ever-increasing tempo of human affairs, the fastest pace that the human race has ever had to travel, with war engulfing over half the universe, the simple act of courtesy from one person to another is often forgotten.

The materialist will flatly state that courtesy has no place in modern affairs and that old-fashioned courtesy is unnecessary and takes up too much time in the busy world we live in. If the modern, busy, hard-boiled materialist would only take time to analyze results, he would discover an ounce of courtesy produces a great many pounds of results. A little more courtesy between nations, a little more tolerance, which in a large way embraces courtesy, and the serious wars which are now raging would not have occurred.

A student in high school is busy with various studies, athletics, and extra-curricular matters, but no student is successful in any of his endeavors if he is not courteous. Success does not depend solely on the tremendous zeal or ability of an individual, but consists of the efforts of an individual plus the help he gets from others. The ability to get help and assistance from others is not a cold, scientific formula but the result of courtesy by the individual to his friends and associates.

Aside from the material value from being courteous we should always be motivated by a sincere wish never to hurt another human being, whether it be injury to his body or to his feelings. The easiest way to avoid hurting another in any way is to be courteous and tolerant.

Finally, a person who is courteous and tolerant usually receives courtesy and tolerance from others.

Brenda Hartley, '43

Contentment is a gurgling stream;
Boredom, endless space.
Gossip is a chattering parrot;
Time a constant race.

Joyce Bowe, '44

SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THE NEW TAXES

How do the new taxes affect us? On October, 1941, one of the greatest tax programs instituted in the history of the United States went into effect. The new law placed higher taxes on goods and services which heretofore have had a comparatively low tax. In other instances where previously there had been no tax or an indirect tax, direct taxes have been levied. For instance, theater tickets now have a 10 per cent tax, raising the price of children's tickets from 10c to 11c or from 15c to 17c as the case may be. As some of you have already had occasion to find out, fingernail polish and cosmetics also have a new 10 per cent tax.

How do we feel about these extra pennies? We certainly do not miss these few pennies from our spending money, although when we think of a few pennies apiece multiplied by ten thousand school children, we begin to realize that we are really doing our part to help raise the three and one-half billion dollars extra taxes to help our national defense.

Louise Southworth, '46

QUIZ

Can you pass the Good Manners Test in assembly and in the corridors?

DANCING IN THE GYM

An excellent opportunity is being afforded us, to dance during our lunch period in the gym. Not only are we given a helpful form of recreation in our free time, but we have a chance to get acquainted with one another and to learn how to dance.

Most people do not take advantage of this opportunity. Maybe some of us cannot dance; maybe we don't like the idea of so many watching us, or perhaps we're just bashful. Whatever the reason is, is it worth passing up a real opportunity?

From now on let's dance.

Constance Trabold, '43

WATCHING PEOPLE

From watching people you acquire knowledge never learned in school. If people are doing things that interest you, much can be learned from observing them. Many of the best carpenters learn many tricks from just watching other carpenters. Some workmen learn everything that way. Music teachers often depend on your watching them. However, it is not well to be watching teachers if you should be doing something else!

George Dacey, '47

SPRING PREVIEW

When the North Wind stops his blowing,
And the snow at last stops falling,
Then it seems as if to me,
I hear the voice of nature calling.

Soon the sun begins to show,
And melts our long last beautiful snow,
Soon the birds begin to sing,
Then I see the signs of spring.

Now big Bruin wakes from his sleep,
And then the flowers begin to peep,
Their heads come out so slick and sleek,
And then there comes the cry of sheep.

And then it seems as if I hear,
The happy bleat of a tiny deer.
And then the leaves start turning green,
Now everything looks like a Fairy Queen.

Richard Borgatti, '46

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like a woven rug;
Its threads are strong and cannot fail;
Its design is lovely, no matter how worn.
Its color true can never pale.

Merle Farnsworth, '43

SUNDAY SCHOOL

"Going to Sunday School? Why, you sissy!" That's what is often heard by those who attend these meetings. If more fellows went to Sunday School, there would be a great many more people with a better understanding of life. In our class we have frank discussions on problems that face the average young man. We debate on how to meet these hazardous situations, and we usually come to a sane conclusion. In the meantime everyone in the group is getting practice in arguing intelligently and honestly. In the heat of argument many people say things they themselves don't honestly believe. We learn to avoid that. After a meeting there is a solid feeling within us which comes from closer fellowship with our friends. Sunday School never has hurt anyone, but it certainly has helped many people in innumerable ways.

Wesson Maillard, '42

KEEP IT GOING!

With characteristic enthusiasm, we again usher in the joyous Christmas season. Sometimes after being impressed by the holy beauty of the holiday we actually become inspired with the idea of "good will towards men." While in this generous mood we feel the urge to bestow our benevolence upon our associates. We heartily welcome our friends into our homes which most probably are gayly decorated with glittering ornaments. Perhaps it is the sight of these symbols of Christmas that arouses in us a kindly attitude toward our fellowmen, but whatever it is, in most of us it soon dies, and we assume our own usual personalities. If our dispositions were continually as charitable as they are at Yuletide, most of the problems that blemish this world would be reduced to comparatively trivial ones. If one does capture a spark of this genuine Christmas spirit, I say — kindle it to a flame and keep it alive throughout the year!

Mary Quirk, '44

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

The following extract from a letter received by Julia Woishnis from her "pen pal," William Youngson, of Scotland, is excellent material for the comparison of a high school boy's life in the United States and Great Britain today:

"We have just finished our Easter holidays here and are started on our divisional exams which decide what class we are to go into next session. In the exams before the holidays I did not do so badly. I was first in English and technical subjects and second in art and geography.

"I think I mentioned in my last letter that I was in the new 'Air Training Corps.' Well, we had our medical examination last week. I was passed A1 in everything, but imagine my surprise when I was told in the colour test that I was colour-blind! This was the first time I knew it. I can distinguish colours just as easily as my classmates. This means that I will not be allowed to fly. Tough luck on me, but I suppose the R. A. F. knows best!

"I don't think I told you that one of my hobbies is souvenir collecting. I collect pieces of bombs and shrapnel and shells, windscreens of bombers, and pieces of metal off the fuselages and wings. I have also an anti-tank shell (live), a bayonet, a bugle, and a steel helmet (German). A common thing nowadays is to take a chunk of duralumin (which is the material that most bombers are made of — a sort of aluminum) off a crashed Nazi bomber and make it into a signet ring. Recently a few ashtrays were made by pilots of a fighter squadron and auctioned for the 'War Comforts' fund.

"The cricket season has started here. I play for my class IIIC. Last night we played against IIIA and beat them by fifty-five runs to thirty-four runs.

"What sort of books do you like? If you like true air stories, you should read *Squadrons Up* by Noel Monks if you can get it. Do you read any of the *Jerry Todd* or *Poppy Ott* books as I sometimes see these books over here?

"I will send you my photo in my next letter. There is a ban on sending photographs out of the country, but perhaps the censor will let the photo pass unless I'm standing on an aerodrome with one of Britain's latest fighter planes as background."

OUR COUNTRY

This is our country,
  This strong and sturdy land;
It belongs to you and me alone,
  And we shall make it grand.

This is our country,
  Of the free, brave, and true;
It's a land to be proud of,
  With its banner of red, white, and blue.

This is our country;
  It extends from sea to sea;
We call it America,
  The land of liberty.

This is our country,
  Where we may speak and write
Our feelings on any subject
  That we may think are right.

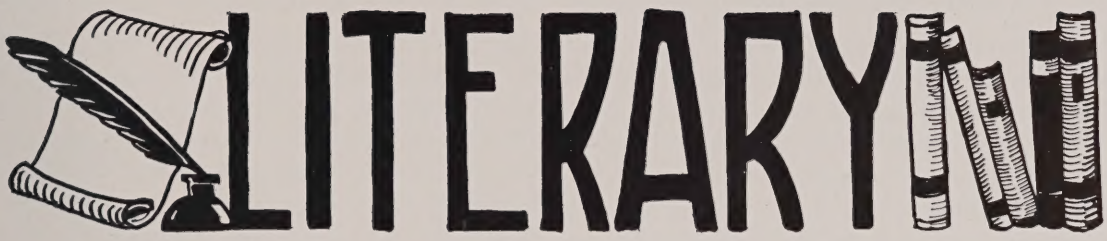
This is our country,
  Which we love with all our might;
This is America,
  The land of peace and right.

Joyce Bowe, '44

PORTRAIT

Ruddy cheeks, ruby lips,
Rich brown chocolate goes in sips.
Complexion fair, curly black hair,
Bends to meet the chocolate there.

Barbara Petersen, '44



THE GAYEST EVE OF ALL

A family was gathered in the spacious living room of a farmhouse in Ringareke, Norway. Bright lights blazed through friendly windows, and sparkled in glittering array on the beautiful Norwegian spruce, proudly erect in the center of the floor.

Before the fireplace grandfather and grandmother were seated, with their grandchildren frolicking at their feet.

Outside, the snowflakes fluttered down in solemn silence, and alighted on the blanketed earth. The mountains lifted their ancient white heads haughtily to the heavens, and gazed beyond, into the glorious realm of God. Sleigh-bells tinkled, laughter floated through the night. It was Christmas Eve, and Christmas Eve in Norway was the gayest eve of all.

While the family, reunited, ate of their bountiful feast, danced around the glittering tree, gave magnanimously in gifts, laughed and sang, and retold favorite stories, great bowls of "flodegrat" or porridge, were carried out to the barn. In days gone by, farmers of the valleys of inland Norway believed that if they put out this "flodegrat" to the tiny people, called "Nesser," good luck would follow all year. If the offering did not appear, the little dwarfs would drive away the cattle and goats, and bring misfortune to the owners' door. Everyone knew that "Nessers" dressed in light grey suits, and scarlet caps with flyaway tassels, as they clasped hands and danced around the "flodegrat," with their long grey beards bobbing on their chests.

So was Christmas for the "Nesser." While the gay Norwegian people danced, while they made merry, the snowflakes continued to fall, softly, enchantingly, quietly, paying reverence to the birthday of Christ that came on the breath of dawn.

Virginia Fieldstad, '44

PRIVILEGE

So you're not old enough to drive a car; so you'd like to go for a ride — well, what's the matter with your "bike"? Bicycles were built before cars. A crisp day is just the time for your miniature "Youth Hostel." The best way to see our famous New England hills is by "bike." Pack a lunch, don warm clothes, and you are ready.

Choose a back-road so that you won't have to be on the lookout for traffic. Notice that you have no windows to spoil your view and no radio to divert your attention from the scenery. Now ride Did you ever see the countryside more beautiful? Or more colorful? The trees have taken on hues of red and gold and have changed the whole look of the countryside with which you were once familiar.

Now let's eat! Find a sunny spot on a hillside where you can see for miles around. "The food tastes twice as good!" you'll say. That's what the cool, crisp air does to your appetite.

You arrive home tired but content, content to live in such a peaceful land where the color is on the trees and not in bloody puddles upon the ground.

Caroline Petersen, '44

A TRIP TO THE DENTIST

Fate cannot be tampered with, and neither one's bicuspids. A visit to the dentist is unavoidable. Recently a painful tooth which had been bothering me slightly for some time finally caught up with me. I attempted to hide my pain, but my acting was definitely of an amateurish caliber; my mother was not to be denied. After discovering me with my shielding hand clasped firmly over my protruding jaw, my father promptly took me to the dentist, healer of few pains, creator of many. When we had arrived at the temple of torture, the pain mysteriously departed as suddenly as it had appeared. I then persuaded my father not to enter the office, and we returned home temporarily, for after supper the pain sought revenge. Once more we journeyed to the dentist's. This time his services were rendered, and my tooth-ache departed with my tooth.

Frank Caroleo, '44

MY FIRST ADVENTURE

I was all excited because tomorrow I should be six years old. I said to myself, "I'm old enough to go out on an adventure." I discussed the matter with my mother and she agreed, so I took a basket and started through the woods. As I wandered along, I idly kicked over rustling leaves and dead branches. I had a tiny, oblong-shaped basket, because I was out to pick mushrooms. As I walked along, the woods seemed to be very quiet and mysterious, and I was suddenly startled by the high shriek of a blue jay. I kicked over several leaves and found many mouth-watering mushrooms which I picked and carefully placed in my basket. I soon had the basket full. Then I came to a small, winding brook. There I saw several different-colored frogs; some were hopping about, some just sitting and staring dumbly, while others were giving out low weird croaks. I soon left the uninteresting frogs.

As I ambled along for a while, following a new, more interesting path, I almost bumped into a ball-like object on the lowest branch of a large tree. I wondered what this ball-like object was. My curiosity became so great that I picked up a long slender stick and swung at it, but I missed — because the object was just out of my reach. I sat down after several valiant attempts. Suddenly I spied a stump about two feet high. I clambered up on the top, took careful aim, and swung. I was in luck. The ball-like object went crashing to the ground. My happiness grew greater as I saw hundreds of airplane-like creatures come swarming out. Suddenly all my happiness left me as some of these creatures came straight toward me. I jumped off the stump, dropped my basket of mushrooms, and tried in vain to run away from these war-like creatures. But I didn't quite make it. Several of these creatures caught and stung me. Terrified, I headed home screaming at the top of my voice. My mother came running out of the house and excitedly asked me what the matter was. When I told her of my adventure, she laughed. After she had taken me into the house and rubbed me with liniment, I asked her what the airplane-like creatures were. She answered with a merry laugh, *"Bees!"*

Richard Borgatti, '46

RETREAT

As I entered the quaint little tearoom on the corner of the two busy streets, a tinkle sounded from the silver bell on the screened door. The tiny tables were arranged in rows with neat little red and white checked table cloths on them. In the center of the tables were little glass vases holding roses, tulips, and daisies made of paper. The little chintz curtains seemed to blend in perfectly with the newly carpeted floor.

I sat at one of the little tables, and, as I began to sip the warm tea, I mused that life was certainly nice here, so peaceful and quiet in the quaint little tearoom which seemed to be a world separate from reality.

Amelia Lango, '45

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

The day was dull and threatening clouds hung ominously overhead. People were hurrying, to and fro, to escape the storm. But despite the storm, smiles were on most of their faces. Why? Because it was only a week before Christmas.

Little Mary Ann trudged along the street, her shabby coat bundled up around her, trying to keep warm. Let them look at her, she didn't care. She didn't care about anything anymore. Why should they smile? There was nothing to smile about, not that she could see, anyway. Passing by some stores, she would stop for a minute, and gaze longingly at the pretty things in the window. Finally, she stopped at Marding's Store. In the window, was a young woman demonstrating how the new parts on a bicycle worked. Mary Ann's heart almost stopped. Here was her one desire.

Irene Martin rose. With a tired sigh, she turned to go. This would be her last day here. "Thank goodness," she thought. Suddenly, she looked down. She saw the melancholy, little face below her, gazing longingly at the bicycle. "What a pity," she said to herself. "She looks like a little waif. And cold too. This is the second day she's been here, and all she does is look at this bicycle. Maybe it wouldn't hurt any, if I called her in for a moment. It's my lunch hour, anyway." She went to the door, and called softly. After she had the girl's confidence, she invited her in. The little girl was timid, but grateful. "Where do you come from?" she asked the girl.

"From away over on Market Street," answered Mary Ann.

"Why that's way over in the worst part of the town. Her parents must be bad off, from the looks of her. I wonder?" Irene was lost in thought. Finally, she snapped her fingers together and said softly, "I've got it. Little girl, how would you like to come home and have supper with me tonight?"

Mary Ann looked at Irene. Her stepmother had never told her not to go with strangers, so there probably was nothing wrong in going. The thought of a piping hot supper appealed to her. The more she thought of it, the more she wanted to go. Then she nodded her head.

"Fine," said Irene. "I'll meet you in front of here in about an hour and a half."

In exactly one hour and a half, Mary Ann was waiting in front of the store. A frightened expression was on her face. But she was determined to go through with it.

"Hello, there. Right on time, I see. Well, let's get along. My car's right over here in the parking lot. By the way, what is your name? Mine is Irene."

By this time, Mary Ann was full of enthusiasm. "My name's Mary Ann," she said.

"I think we'll go over and see your mother first, and tell her that you are going to stay at my house for supper."

"Oh, she don't care. She'll be glad to get rid of me. I've got four brothers and three sisters, you know."

"Well, we'll go just the same, just to be sure."

By this time, the car had rounded the corner of Market Street.

"Where is your house, Mary Ann?"

"Right over there on the corner, where that big store is."

Irene stopped the car and got out, Mary Ann right behind her. She rang the doorbell and waited. An old woman with a weatherbeaten face, and straggly hair answered the ring.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I wanted to talk to you about Mary Ann." Irene indicated to the little girl.

"Won't you come in?"

"I was wondering, Mrs. er — "

"Russell's the name."

"I've taken a great liking to Mary Ann," she began. "I know it's a bit unusual, but I was wondering if you would let me borrow her for a couple of days. Until after Christmas anyway. You see my husband and I have no children. And it would please us immensely if you would do this. We can give her a nice Christmas and a

good time while she's there. It would make us very happy."

The old woman hesitated. Doubt flickered across her face for an instant, and then bitterness.

"Well? I-don't-know. I don't like to have her go with a stranger. Yet you look all right to me. She might as well go. There's nothing here in store for her for Christmas. Yes, I guess she can go. When is she coming back?"

"Oh. Will the twenty-seventh be all right?"

"I guess so."

Fifteen minutes later, Mary Ann and Irene were on their way home.

Late that night, Mary Ann lay in bed and looked out of her window at the stars. She was happy now. She had heard them talking about a bicycle for a certain little girl named Mary Ann.

"Gee," she sighed, drowsily, "God must have sent me to them."

Barbara Bills, '44

STARS

Stars, a wonderful sight to behold! The great constellations of various placed stars on a clear night appear as if the heaven is a large snow-covered paradise. A person with a good imagination can distinguish the numerous figures designed by the stars.

The stars are a sort of consoler. One can peer into the heaven, gaze at the soft stars, and can forgive almost any wrong committed toward him. The gay twinkling stars laugh with you when you are happy and mourn with you when you are sad. Stars have a peculiar way of making you hear things you wouldn't hear otherwise. When you gaze into the heaven, you hear the chirp of a nightly cricket, the cry of a hungry night bird as it soars through the star-speckled heaven. You are practically in a different world.

Hubert Sands, '46

"WHAT WAS IT?"

Darkness was slowly swallowing up the twilight, as we stood beneath the pines on the hill. We were watching the stars appear in the sky, when I noticed a figure standing on the not too far distant ridge. The figure was, strangely enough, clothed in luminous white, from head to foot. We held our breaths, as it began to move along the jagged ridge. It moved quickly, yet smoothly, pausing for some reason at the end of the ridge. It turned in our direction, seemingly to gaze about its surrounding countryside. We looked at each other with frightened eyes. My tongue stuck in my throat, and refused to move. There was a sickening feeling in my stomach. My eyes were glued to the fluttering bit of whiteness, clear against a velvet sky.

What would come next? I dared not let myself think about it. I expected any minute that the thing would make some unearthly noise to break the dreadful silence, and then come floating after us. But no, much to our astonishment, a tiny red glow appeared beside the figure. A light, no doubt. Then slowly it turned, and made its way up the opposite hill. It did not walk, nor did it run, yet, it moved. Then it disappeared beneath the towering branches in the orchard on the hill, leaving behind only the whispers of a magic night.

Virginia Fieldstad '44

DAWN

Everything was enveloped in the peaceful serenity of the breaking dawn. The fire-red form of "Old Sol" was already peeping over the irregular horizon of the green pasture. Suddenly the contented silence was broken by the crow of that living alarm clock, the rooster. This proud bird on the pasture fence post seemed to wake the whole countryside with his energetic squawking, for all the farmyard beasts and fowl were stirring around looking for their breakfasts. By now the bright red sun had set the entire heaven on fire.

Mary McQuesten, '45

Skyward

OFF THE EARTH

"Climb in and buckle your safety belt!" The pilot's hurried tone increased my unsteadiness. On shaking knees I entered the ship and nervously carried out his command. My flying chauffeur ground the motor and I heard the spray of the water as we swiftly sped along the river and took off.

Rising steadily to an altitude of several hundred feet, we pushed our way into the heavens.

Midst the roar of the motor which muffled my speech, I vainly tried to stir up a conversation with the pilot.

I noticed his nonchalance while my trembling body revealed my nervousness. The emptiness in my stomach and the racing of thoughts through my brain disappeared as I gradually became accustomed to the situation. Occasionally, without warning, the plane would hit an air pocket and drop several feet. The feeling is similar to that of trying to sit in a chair that has been removed by a prankster.

Looking down from the plane, I noticed the beautiful view, and decided that under no other conditions could one enjoy the wonders of nature as well. The green trees were like polka dots, sprinkled over green meadows and along the landscape. Houses, cars and animals, in a modified form, took the appearance of a miniature village.

As I was admiring the sights, the plane suddenly swooped down toward the river, and gradually descended until the pontoons cut the water. We slowly glided to the dock, and I realized my first aeronautical experience was over.

Samuel Grimaldi, '42

NIGHT FLIGHT

A sleek silver bullet-shaped object stands on the runway of a dimly illuminated flying field. Inside the cramped quarters of a cockpit sits a grim-faced youth waiting for the signal that will send him knifing through the dense clouds of a cold fall night. Tension hangs like a fog mingled with a deathly silence broken only by the low throbbing purrs from a highly spirited engine. The signal comes like a sudden jolt. The engine is up, and the plane starts to move. As it tears down the runway, tiny sticks and bits of paper are picked up only to be hurled backwards when caught in the masterful force of the slipstream. The tail lifts, and the wings lighten, and the plane wings its way toward its destination.

Frank Jones, '45

A NIGHT AT THE AIRPORT

The sky was a deep, deep purple-blue. The stars twinkled merrily in their far-away seclusion, and the giant searchlights gave their message to the nightly aviators.

Roaring motors, signal lights, and running red-capped porters greeted us, as a striking silver

bird descended gradually from the dark heavens against a background of millions of pin-points of lights from distant Manhattan and nearer neon signs glowing around it.

The passengers disembarked, some happy, some sad. The hostesses in their crisply starched uniforms were followed by the tired, weary pilots after the journey through the air.

It was wonderfully exciting and thrilling to be there, surrounded by these important man-made monsters at the largest commercial airport in the world — La Guardia!

Roberta Nodurf, '46

MY FAVORITE SEASON

During the crisp autumnal season I often take long walks to a place which, in my opinion, depicts the most awe-inspiring scene that has ever been created by Mother Nature.

The trees in this fairyland of mine are a riotous blaze of yellow, green, red, and orange leaves, which remind me of the easel of a giant painter. A thickly shrouded carpet seems to form from these gay leaves, one that no millionaire on earth could ever buy.

Straight ahead of me, I see a small bubbling stream rushing gaily through the yellow fields and meadows that are filled with tall, golden corn-stalks and plump, round pumpkins gathered for the annual harvest. High on a hill near one of these fields stands a sadly dilapidated scare-crow with its long, ghost-like arms stretching implor-ingly to the cloudy blue and grey sky as if trying to grasp one of the suspecting white clouds that hang threateningly low over the rainbow-dotted countryside.

Oh, yes, you may say that summer or winter or spring is much more entertaining, but, as for me, I'll take the cool, biting, October winds and the pungent odor of burning leaves and dying plants that are finally settling into the earth for their yearly rest.

Shirley Caron, '42

NOVEMBER

The leaves are turning brown and gold;
The summer nights are turning cold;
And in the still, still night you hear
The whistling of the wind so clear.

Regina Saltzman, '46

CALENDAR

Leaves — twisting, turning, falling,
Breeze — bristling, blowing, bawling,
Air — cool, crisp, and clear —
All say Autumn's here.

Charles Tyler, '42

AUTUMN

A DISCOVERY

You'll never guess what I saw in the woods
When I took a walk one day!
I saw the tiniest artists there
With brushes and paints so gay.
I asked them what they were doing,
And they turned in great surprise.
"You'll see if you stay here longer,"
They said, as they winked their eyes.
With the skill and deft of a master
They took their paints and brush,
And they painted each leaf on every tree,
And they skipped not one single bush;
And when they were through, they stepped aside
To view their work with pride,
And before I could say "Jack Robinson,"
They had run away to hide.
And now each time the autumn comes,
I think back to that day
When I watched those little artists work —
Those little painters gay.

Helen Reinheimer, '43

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Silent, eerie, and grotesque are the northern lights as they wind in and out among each other, blinking now here, now there. Radiating out of nowhere, they come swooping across the sky. Then they fade into nothingness. Red, green, yellow, and crimson they are. They never choose to halt in their mad twisting, turning, and writh-ing as if they were fighting the darkness to illu-minate the evening sky.

Thomas E. Rice, '45

MEMORIES

FALL

'Tis the chill of the air,
And the brown of the grass;
'Tis the gold of the maple,
The red of the oak;
'Tis the music of the wind
And the skill of an artist.
All this is Fall
And my delight!

Jane Durkan, '43

A CAMPFIRE

Hazy smoke lazily rises and leaves below
A flickering campfire with its ruddy glow,
And when the smouldering embers cease to be,
Naught is left but the memory.

Mary Quirk, '44

OCTOBER MOOD

Autumn! Doesn't it stir you? The soft rustle of the aging leaves calls you; the woodlands ablaze in a riot of red and yellow entreat you to share their breathtaking beauty; the sun, shining proudly and undauntedly in the fall sky, beckons you to come out and enjoy its ever-diminishing warmth; the fresh, invigorating air arouses in you a new life — a yearning to be out roaming carefree under the wide expanse of deep blue cloud-scattered heavens. You thrill with each fragrant scent of spicy pine needles, and even at the dry, dusty smell of fallen leaves, and the damp odor of decaying vegetation. You marvel at the animation and spirit of the natural world. The forests and fields talk to you. They are alive. To wander aimlessly through wide sun-flooded meadows, to follow a twisting path through enchanting woodlands, or to trace a sparkling stream are pleasures all in themselves — and they are yours!

Andrea Cornfoot, '43

FALL AND THE FARMER

Autumn means more to a farmer than just the colored trees and birds flying south in great masses. To the farmer autumn means work, but still he can look into the future of the hard winter ahead; he views with satisfaction the barn full of clover hay, the crib full of corn to fatten the pigs, a barrel of cider in the cellar, and a binful of potatoes, squash, and turnips. It is a comforting feeling to know the cattle and horses have plenty of hay to ward off the inevitable cold ahead. When the fall plowing is done, he can call to Spot, the faithful old hound, pick up the old shotgun that stands in the corner, and tramp through the woods. Sometimes he will have rabbit or squirrel pie for supper. If luck fails him, he can still look forward to a hearty meal of potatoes, squash, and the old red rooster he has been saving for just such a purpose. He had to work hard for that meal, but now he will be repaid in full.

Ralph Davis, '43

CAROLLING

The word "carol," familiar to us as a song of rejoicing which is connected with the Christmas celebrations, has an interesting history. It has meant a song about the birth of Christ; it was once a part of the Miracle Plays; it has been used to signify a jovial drinking song and has even been the name of a dance.

The custom of carolling was carried on in England by bands of country folk or townspeople known as "waits." Originally these people, among whom there were many musicians, were hired by the upper class as night watchmen. One historian has very effectively described them with these words: *The Waits are detached bodies of impromptu musicians who make nights hideous three weeks before Christmas with wretched performances of indifferent melodies.*

Among the most popular Christmas carols are "O Come All Ye Faithful," whose definite origin is unknown; "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "The First Nowell," old English carols; "Deck the Hall," an old Welsh air; Germany's "Silent Night"; and "O Little Town of Bethlehem," a more recent carol. Still every Christmas carollers carry on the tradition of warming and cheering hearts with these familiar refrains.

Andrea Cornfoot, '43

SEASONS

SPRING is a maiden
In a flowing gown;

SUMMER, a stranger
Tall and brown;

AUTUMN, a goddess
In crimson and green;

WINTER, the most silv'ry
Druid e'er seen.

Joyce Bowe, '44

CHRISTMAS EVE

Every village, city, and town
Is dressed in Christmas array
Of wreaths, candles, and holly sprigs,
And glittering ornaments gay.

Fragrant firs and balsams
Lend a touch of cheer,
Gayly decorated for
The merriest time of year.

Colored lights and Christmas trees
At night are all aglow,
Casting their twinkling radiance out
Upon the sparkling snow.

Softly glowing candlelight
Encircled by a wreath
Is the very essence of
Every Christmas Eve.

You can almost hear the tinkle
Of bells on Santa's sleigh,
And see the bright stars twinkle
As they cheer him on his way.

Mary Quirk, '44

In Many Tongues

NATALE

La notte del venticinque dicembre,
Nelle vicinanze di Betlemme,
  Non una stella in cielo,
  Non un soffio di vento,
La notte e buia e silenziosa.

Dall'oscurità appare una luce,
Che gli occhi non pos ono sopportare,
  La luna del cielo,
  Il canto dell'angelo,
Annunziano un' allegrezza al mondo.

Il Bambino Gesu giace in una mangiatoia,
Maria e Giuseppe vicino
  I pastori inginocchiati
  Offrono i loro doni
Al Bambino Messia sol sol nato.

Dorothy Morris, '43

NEW YEAR WISHES FROM LATIN III CLASS

Fruamini optimo valitudine per annum;
Sit bona fortuna tecum semper;
Habeatis tuam partem divitiarum;
Sit oneri tibi sola felicitas.

Andrea Cornfoot, '43

Novus annus tibi habeat fortunatum initium finemque felicem; et omnes dies beatissimi sint.

Shirley Spring, '42

Quamquam nix alta et venti frigidi sint, die festo pectus tuum ardens felicitate sit

Jane Durkan, '43

NUIT DE NOEL

Les étoiles sont claires ce sacre soir;
Les sages s'approchent de loin pour voir
L'enfant Jésus qui dort près de sa Mère.
La belle petite ville est sombre et se tait;
Le monde ne sait pas que le roi est né,
Le plus grand roi, le roi des rois est né.

Fred D'Amato, '42

FORMULA FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Add good fortune;
Subtract your sorrows;
Multiply your happiness;
Divide your blessings among all.

Mathematics Department

WINTER SUNSET

The clouds are tinted with colors so soft
Like billowy sailboats gliding aloft,
And when they are bathed in the sun's fiery light,
Their pale shades deepen and become very bright.

The sun is a flaming disc on high,
Painting vivid pictures in the sky;
The land is aglow with the sun's magic art —
In magnificent grandeur the day does depart.

Mary Quirk, '44

SNOW

The air's
Grown crisp and cool;
The brook is frozen fast,
And fleecy flakes are floating down —
It's snow!

Grace Shaylor, '42

QUO VADIS

Henryk Sienkiewicz

"Quo Vadis" by Henryk Sienkiewicz is a story of the struggle of the ancient people for Christianity. As I read about the cruel emperor, Nero, who considered himself a God, I felt as if I were in his generation. I dreamed I was being carried through the streets of venerable Rome, witnessing the burning of that imperial city, standing beside the commanding emperor when he sang hymns or read his poems, sitting beside him at the amphitheater where Christians were persecuted for burning Rome, and walking with Peter and Paul through the dark streets of the Trans-Tiber.

Lygia, the heroine, made me realize the sufferings and trials of the innocent Christians at the hands of Nero. Vinicius, her lover, changes greatly when he accepts the teachings of Christ. Petronius, Nero's Arbiter of Elegance, lived like a prince and died with a smile on his face; almost as compelling is Chilo Chilanides, a philosopher, who lived like a rascal, but died like a martyr. One who reads this book will certainly understand fully the beginning of Christianity.

Jane Durkan, '43

SILVER BIRCH

Dorothy Lyons

Dorothy Lyons' spirited story, "Silver Birch," is about a group of high school girls who were determined to form a mounted Girl Scout patrol, with each girl owning her own horse. The ensuing story tells of the attempts of the girls to obtain horses and the fun they had while doing it. The book derives its name from a white mare which was running wild in the fields outside the town where the girls lived and which one of the girls tamed. All girls who are Girl Scouts or who love horses, will enjoy reading "Silver Birch."

Beatrice Stratton, '44

MARY OF SCOTLAND

Maxwell Anderson

"Still, still I win!" In the play "Mary of Scotland" by Maxwell Anderson these words are triumphantly spoken by a beaten, harassed woman to her conqueror. This play, depicting the crafty scheming of one woman against another, is one of the most striking, moving dramas that I have ever read. Elizabeth and Mary, two queens, one betraying and one trusting in friendship, move through the pages apart, finally meeting face to face at the end.

Mary of Scotland is portrayed as a beauty, brought up in France, who returns to dismal Scotland to rule it in her own way, even though she is faced by much opposition. Elizabeth, then still a young queen, is crafty and sly as she lays her elaborate traps for Mary's kingdom. The reader of this play can see the net growing tighter and tighter about Mary while she, unsuspecting, becomes more deeply entangled in its meshes.

Maxwell Anderson succeeds remarkably well in revealing the little-known, personal side of the downfall of Mary, Queen of Scots. Even at the beginning of the play one can sense an impending, unavoidable tragedy. However, the play does not end on a true tragic note, for even at her death Mary was undefeated.

This story is not concerned so much with political policies as it could easily be, but is more of a human tale of the conflicts between the personalities of two great rulers, whose kingdoms were little more than pawns in their game of wits.

Almost everyone would enjoy this story, for it is full of adventure and excitement, as loyalty turns to treachery and friends become traitors to Mary of Scotland.

Grace Shaylor, '42

Wisdom is a priceless book;
Beauty, a lovely girl.
Joy is a child's beaming face;
Charm, a milky pearl.

Joyce Bowe, '44

OUT OF THE STORMY NIGHT

(After Reading "Wuthering Heights")

The rain will fall from the stormy sky,
And beat its rhythm with a mournful sigh,
And the wind will gasp with a painful breath,
Dancing each night with the shadow of death.

A phantom slim in a gown of white
Softly comes, and screams in the night;
And shaking hands that are cold with fear,
Touch his own, then disappear.

Then into the storm runs a sobbing man,
Swiftly o'er the moors, to hold her hand,
Once more to claim her for his own.
An instant she's with him, and then he's alone.

Swiftly o'er the moors, seeking to find
Him, her long raven hair streaking behind,
And the great grey eyes that, splashed with tears,
Have looked at tragedy through the years.

Wrenched from her throat comes the call in vain.
In these stormy nights she screams his name,
And when he comes with tears in his eyes,
She flings up her arms, and melts to the skies.

No, never shall he know her touch again —
No never. Though she calls, he will go in vain.
Soft, though she comes, as on an angel's breath,
Never shall he claim her, till they meet in death.

Virginia Fieldstad, '44

LAMENT

The colored leaves of Autumn fell,
As did my heart;
The rustling winds moaned their lament,
As we did part;
And all of God's live trees died with a sigh,
As did my heart.

Shirley Caron, '42

THE PRETENDERS

Henrik Ibsen

"The Pretenders," an historical drama by Henrik Ibsen, one of his earliest plays, compares favorably with the best of dramatic works. Even though a few plays on words and some of the finer shades of meaning are lost in the translation, the sharp, clear-cut character portrayal and a strong, fast-moving plot more than make up for the weaknesses.

The theme of the play is that of Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* as it concerns the struggle of a chieftain to become king. The chieftain, Skule, has much the same character as Macbeth, for contending within him are the thirst for power and the lack of will power and self-confidence to take the plunge to get it.

I feel that the story which concerns the uniting of Norway as a nation in the thirteenth century is secondary to the outstanding character portrayals, of which any dramatist might be proud. Contrasted with Skule is King Hackon, whose complete self-confidence helps him to succeed in everything he does. Another interesting character is Margrete, who is torn between her love for Hackon and her devotion to her father, Skule. One of the most unusual character portrayals is the sinister Bishop Nicholas, engrossed in the malicious intrigue which he weaves around the pretenders.

I think that this play is very valuable if read with *Macbeth.*

Fred D'Amato, '42

Wisdom is a jewel.
Friendship, a stalwart rock.
Life is a burning candle.
Rhythm is a clock.
Beauty is a shining coin;
Modesty, a blushing maid,
Youth is a fragrant blossom;
Age, that bloom about to fade.

Second Period English Class, '44

BAMBI

Felix Salten

Bambi was born in a deep thicket. When he was old enough to walk on his thin legs, all the forest creatures admired him and said what a beautiful child he was.

One of Bambi's amusements was to ask his mother questions. One time when Bambi was left alone, he wandered for several hours. Then he became frightened; he began to call. In answer to his cry a stag appeared and told him his mother couldn't care for him now and not to be such a baby.

When Bambi was older, the hunting season came. He and his mother fled, and all the other animals were in a panic. He did not know what it was all about. But when it was all over, he knew because many deer were lying dead in the snow.

After that Bambi became a handsome stag and could move around the forest without making a sound.

Claire Shaylor, '47

A COUNTRY RAILROAD STATION

It wasn't a big magnificently decorated station with a great many tracks. It didn't have several neat spotless porters with bright, flashing, white teeth to grin at you and ask to carry your baggage. This depot was just a simple, little, four-sided building with crude benches to sit upon. There were only two tracks, but that was a lot for a little farming town in New Hampshire. The people in the waiting room were plain, hard-working farmers, smoking corn-cob pipes. Their clothes were tattered and faded and some of them had patches from new material of an entirely different shade. The room was full of gossip and that irritating smoke. Finally the old dusty and rusty train screeched around the corner for these slow-motioned passengers to step aboard and be taken to work.

Meredyth Barker, '45

THE TRAIN APPROACHING THE STATION

Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! The door of our railroad coach opened with a bang and a short, heavily-built conductor, who seemed to have a touch of hay fever, bawled out with a nasal twang, "Next stop is Springfield."

These seemed to be the magic words that brought most of my fellow passengers to attention. A little curly-headed blond girl of about eight years shrieked to her mother, "Mamma, mamma, we are getting near home."

A bald-headed, toothless, elderly man, who had boarded the train at Syracuse, stood up and made a lunge for his brand-new luggage. Then sat down and complacently ate what smelled like a sardine sandwich. All the other passengers who were leaving the train bustled about, busily collecting bags, hats, coats and so on.

It was breakfast time as we neared Springfield, and through the opposite door came one of the porters, a study in black and white, shouting, "Breakfast is served in the diner," and on he passed through the train.

By this time we were approaching West Springfield, and the old, familiar landmarks appeared. The train seemed to slow down, and we crossed the Connecticut River, which shone like a sheet of ice in the morning sun. Slowly onward crept the train, and as I stood up, now anxious to get off at my native Springfield, I could feel the vibration, and hear the wild screeching of the brakes, the opening and banging of doors, the indistinct murmur of voices, and the shuffling of feet and baggage. Then Jerk! Bang! Jerk! The train had stopped and I stepped down to the accompaniment of the hissing of steam, and in the distance I heard the clanging of the engineer's bell. — One step — two steps — down! ! !

Mary Jane Earle, '45

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir William S. Gilbert, the creators of "H. M. S. Pinafore," present a striking contrast in character. Gilbert was born with a masterful and hostile nature; Sullivan, with just the opposite. While Gilbert was instinctively making enemies, Sullivan was as naturally ingratiating himself with a large group. It was his nature to try to impress everyone, and he always succeeded in doing so.

It seems odd that two such dissonant individuals should be merged into a collaboration which with its bright wit and simple melodies entertained royalty and commoners, young and old for so long a time. Gradually, however, this harmony turned to discord. Sullivan was tired of his music; it was mere repetition. He said that he had introduced all the changes and variety possibly into the musical scores, and he refused to compose any more of Gilbert's librettos. In Gilbert's works the words were the most important, and, as a result, the music had to be kept down. Sullivan demanded something in which he could let the music swell and speak for itself. In spite of his quick temper, Gilbert tried to be fair and suggested that Sullivan take a vacation from him and perhaps write up someone else's librettos. After numerous quarrels over the impossible and improbable plots and subordinating the music to the words, a reconciliation was finally brought about. Sullivan died on November 21, 1900, and it was a great solace to Gilbert that his associate had died friends with him.

It was only in their association with each other that they achieved their highest perfection, but neither was fully aware of the completion which one gave to the other. Gilbert only through the charm of Sullivan's music could convey his message to the public. Sullivan's gay spirit and love of humor, which could not fully show themselves in his symphonies, were released in Gilbert's operettas. "Not until they found each other did they find themselves."

Andrea Cornfoot, '43

A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE

The little village we lived in was so peaceful and calm. The trees dotted with red shining apples, swayed their leafy branches before our little white house.

The men and women in their colorful clothes were harvesting the golden wheat while the little girls and boys hopped after the frolicsome little dogs. The older boys minding their straying cattle in the green valley by the rippling water of the river, yodeled their happy songs. Then came the clicking sound of the horses' hoofs prancing around in the sweet smelling clover. What a peaceful village it was when we left it. I hope it doesn't change too much.

Maxine Gaj, '46

PRACTICE

Each afternoon I'd wait and glance
At those old hands to see, per chance —
If time had come when I was free
And once again at liberty.

That hour, worst of all the day,
Kept me in to play and play
Simple tunes of Bach, Mozart
Which the piano must know by heart.

My fingers played the notes all right
Though sometimes touch was far from light
Or expression often hard to find,
As thoughts of skating crossed my mind.

But still, year after year I'd take,
For Mother hoped some day to make
A daughter who could really play
Preludes in an inspiring way.

Though yet I've not fulfilled her dream,
I'm glad I spent those years. They seem —
Not wasted, but have made me see
Just how much music means to me.

Carol Frilen, '42

THEY GAVE HIM THE "BIRD"

A savory aroma came from the kitchen and everyone waited expectantly. The steaming turkey presently came into view (on a tray, of course) and was immediately followed by plates upon which the food can better be imagined than described. The fowl, with its covering of potatoes and gravy (plenty of the latter) was placed upon the table and Mr. Moore stood up.

Striking a dramatic pose, he began his speech over which he had sweated many hours to prepare. After much coughing, grunting, and tie-straightening, he began his declaration. The details of the speech can well be left out, but it is enough to say that he ended up by picking up the carving knife and, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, began the operation.

The keen blade suddenly seemed dull as he tried to cut up the bird. The fowl wouldn't yield. Mr. Moore sawed and sawed and swore grimly to himself, but to no avail. Splat! He looked up in time to see his rich Uncle Ulysses grab at his eye and say something that the censor forbids to be printed. Mr. Moore stammered a hasty apology and resumed his task. A potato had slipped from the plate and smacked against Uncle Ulysses' right eye. Well, that shouldn't happen again.

Gripping the turkey's leg, he jabbed the knife into the bird and tried desperately to disembowel it. But quite abruptly the turkey slipped from the plate and almost fell off the table. When Mr. Moore regained his balance and looked at his Aunt Matilda, he saw that she was covered with gravy. He tried to mop up the mess that was all over her, but she turned haughtily away to the washroom. Mr. Moore returned his thoughts to the turkey, and, to his amazement, it was gone. As he turned to look for it, his feet slipped and he found himself on the floor with the fowl in his lap.

Well, it ended with Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Uncle Ulysses and also Aunt Matilda, after much persuading, having their Christmas dinner at the restaurant on the corner.

Irving Richman, '44

This most interesting definition of high school romances was gathered by Wesson Maillard at a recent convention:

"A series of warm attachments volcanically interrupted by either one party or the other."

OLD MOSSBACK

The pool looked promising, and the fly landed on the water like a thing alive. It settled softly, and, as the fisherman began his retrieve, it seemed to be trying to take off and skim away. The fisherman brought the fly back without results and prepared to cast again. This time the fly landed near an old chestnut whose matted roots jutted into the water near the head of the pool. It had hardly landed when there was a bulge beside it, and an enormous trout rolled on the surface, eyed the fly disdainfully, and disappeared under the roots. The fisherman feverishly tied on a large brown bucktail and a heavy leader. He cast again, but it didn't smooth and it landed with a loud plop. He started to retrieve for another try, but a miniature whirlpool seemed to suck the ponderous bucktail under, and there was a heavy tug on the line. The fisherman set the hook and watched his rod describe an ark as the line cut through the water. With the mounting flush of excitement in his cheeks he fought to keep the fish away from the chestnut and gasped as the Rainbow came twisting upward a good three feet before falling back into the water. The giant trout leaped again and again and made desperate efforts to reach the tangled roots from which he had come. But finally exhausted by his efforts he lay at the fisherman's feet. The fisherman placed a ruler beside the fish, snapped a picture and released the trout so that it could fight another day.

Paul Anderson, '45

SPIRITS

A ghost spirit is one thing, and school spirit is another. In some modern schools, however, one is likely to find either spirit.

Now, you are probably wondering what I mean by a "ghost spirit" in a high school. And, in your mind's eye, you are picturing several ghoulish figures, transparently clad in white, breezing around in the modern school corridors. Don't be alarmed. Also, don't settle down in your chair with expectations that I'm going to present you with a Sherlock Holmes adventure, for I'm not going to give you one. Instead, I'm going to relate to you this tale. A true tale!

In a senior high school which I previously attended, the "ghost spirit" was prevalent. Now, we may or may not agree on what a ghost is, but let's see. A ghost is both impalpable and intangible. It is also that which can act independently without a body. Agreed? Well, anyway, that's what Noah Webster wrote.

Now let's see what school spirit is. School spirit is that which is inwardly felt, and outwardly expressed by the pupil, to the advantage and favor of the school. Don't you agree with me that school spirit is a loyal and proud feeling for your school? Well, let's go on.

As I have already mentioned, the high school that I previously attended had plenty of "ghost spirit." Now, because of my lack of literary intelligence, I realize that you are still in a fog about my "ghost spirits." So I guess I'll just have to explain it outright. Ghosts, being impalpable and intangible, cannot be touched. In my former institution of learning, the school spirit was impalpable and intangible, also. There was not one thing, literally speaking, that I could lay my hands on and say was school spirit. Before going to games of any sort, I would question my friends who took in all the games. They quickly explained to me that the opposing team would win. I was rather peeved at this lack of spirit, but knew I would have to agree. No one team of the school was good, but with this lack of spirit among the student body, the teams were "licked" before they went out to play. I believe that the teams would have at least made a better showing if the school was behind them to back them up and cheer them on. Naturally, the more games lost, the less school spirit was shown.

Before coming to Agawam High School, I questioned a boy who had been on the football team here before he had graduated. His loyalty to the school amazed me. He was as proud of Agawam High as anyone could be. I knew then, that if the student body of Agawam High were like him, then Agawam was *good.* I learned that their teams were among the best. I'm proud to say that I go to a school where the pupils proclaim their loyalty to their school.

Marguerite White, '43

MAN ABOUT TOWN

He's dark and handsome . . Very friendly . . . Get's around quite a bit . . . May be seen quite often anywhere from Federal Hill to Agawam Center . . . Versatile fellow . . . A good imitator . . . Rather naïve . . . Will say "Hello" even if he doesn't know you . . . Have you seen him? He's Don Catchepaugh's pet crow!

RIVER AT SUNSET

As the ardent sun begins to sink behind the deep purple clouds, it casts a myriad of colors on the calm, dark blue river. The fiery rays give the deep purple clouds a background of orange-red and gold or pale yellow. Beautiful reflections are flashed upon the sluggish river. The lull and tranquillity of the dismal stream make the scene even more beautiful. Then, as I raise my eyes from the river, I can again see the sun peering through the clouds as it sinks lower and lower. The river at sunset is the prettiest scene that I have ever witnessed in my life.

Edith Gustafson, '44

OUR PUBLIC ENEMIES

Are you risking your life? Every day students, apparently headed for an important destination, dash madly through the halls. When I finally sneak into class, these same people are chattering industriously to their neighbors about new fashions or some other trivial matter. You ask, "How are these busy characters risking their lives?" The fact is that they may not be endangering their own persons so much as that of another innocent soul who is intent upon rationing his strength by walking at a moderate pace. People who are in a hurry are careless, often brushing against their fellowmen more heavily than is thought. What is the result? Down goes the "law abider" while "Mr. Speed," out of sight like a flash, is unaware of his discourtesy, or, if he does perceive that which has happened, takes no heed and continues on.

Another dangerous person is the boy or girl who is so engrossed in conversation that he backs into a bystander. I call him "Mr. Thoughtless." Why am I holding my toe? Yes, "Mr. Thoughtless" just passed this way; that is the answer.

So it happens that the honest, courteous student is often the one who suffers from the thoughtlessness of others. As for me, I think it's unfair! What do you think? How can this situation be remedied?

Ruth Raison, '42

I'M A ROOTER!

I'm on the baseball bandwagon. No inmate of that gloom-shrouded city of Brooklyn is more rabid about the national past time than I. A fluent double play, a stolen base, a winning circuit clout — all react vigorously on my enthusiasm.

It's fast; it's thrilling; it's truly the American game. Baseball has produced a number of great American sportsmen and players, who belong as much to the greats of the past as do our statesmen. A game of action, of good sports, it is no wonder baseball has endeared itself not only to me but to the thousands of diamond enthusiasts in the land. I'm waiting for Spring.

Marion Langevin, '43

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

Christmas! the 25th of December,
Oh! how we wish it were only November.
Presents to buy for father and mother
Don't forget sister and *dear* little brother.
Various cards to go off in the mail,
Gifts that *must* be wrapped without fail.
Last minute shopping that *has* to be done
Even though we don't consider it fun.
The Christmas rush, that *awful* time,
When people are spending their very last dime.

Jeanne Hapgood, '45

ONLY A LITTLE BIRD

The rippling water from a brook,
The green moss that lay around,
It all was so still and quiet
Except for a little sound.

I looked up in the tree
And could not see a thing
Only a little bird
That seemed to want to sing.

Dorothy Littlefield, '46

I thought I'd write a poem in half an hour or so,
It took me much, much longer, for I'm really very slow.
I scratched my head, racked my brain, but not a single word
To fit into the line could I find to rhyme with "bird."
I gave it up right then and there and tried to write free verse,
But when I had it finished, the result was even worse!

Fred D'Amato, '42

SCHOOL LIFE

OPERETTA DRAWS CAPACITY CROWD

A full audience witnessed the outstanding performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore," presented in the auditorium on November twenty-eight under the direction of Miss Perry. The cast was ably headed by Lillian Protzenko, Jean Blackburn, Shirley Spring, Ivan Shepherd, Francis Nolin, Julian Magiera, Raymond Trabold, Henry Fortier, and Herbert Morris. The school orchestra, assisted by Miss Griswold, faculty pianist, and Mr. Schott, guest violinist, played the accompaniments. Much credit is due also to Miss Bradbury, the Misses McCormick, and Mr. Harris, who designed the colorful costumes and especially good-looking scenery which received much favorable comment during the evening.

The proceeds of the operetta will be used to purchase instruments for the band and orchestra.

CONTRAST

The snow fell fast and whirling
Upon housetops, ground, and trees,
All earth was hushed and silent
Except the roaring of the seas.

All earth was hushed and silent.
Ah no! not o'er the sea,
For bombs were swiftly falling
Where peaceful snow should be.

Jean Blackburn, '44

SOPHOMORES CHOOSE OFFICERS

President ..... Lewis Jones
Vice-President ..... Jean Blackburn
Secretary ..... Marjorie Helfrich
Treasurer ..... Donald Taddia

DID YOU KNOW?

Congratulations are due Ardys Farnsworth, who won second prize in the Women's Golf Tournament at the Feeding Hills Golf Course.

If you lose the key to something, just see Evelyn Lamoureux. Collecting keys is her hobby, and she now has a large ring of them all sizes, shapes, and angles.

Seems as if we've been missing something! Fred Sosath, we've discovered, plays the piano very well!

A group of seventh grade pupils in Room 11 has completed a large economic product map of Massachusetts showing pictures of the principal products of the larger cities.

Proof that extra-curricular classes pay dividends: Clayton Atwater earned a tidy sum operating Victor motion picture machines throughout the summer because he had had training in Mr. Hadley's Audio-Visual class last year.

Shades of Hallowe'en! Raymond Kaskeski has the peculiar hobby of collecting skeletons of animals. Since he started this pastime a few months ago, he has acquired a large collection.

Nancy Clark and Shirley Linnehan, twirlers with the school band, attended the State Legion Convention at Fall River as majorettes for the Agawam Post Band. From the snapshots we've seen of the girls in their white and gold uniforms the school should be proud of these seniors.

Leslie Moore, the Junior Class president, spent a rather pleasant week-end deep sea fishing during the Columbus Day holidays.

A certain sophomore, Bob Beauchane, has found fashion trends bring him trade; he tans the fur of small animals — skunk, squirrel, muskrat, rabbit — and sells them.

If the postmasters around town are getting worried about the strange addresses on some

envelopes, just let them know that about ninety Junior High students have acquired Pen Pals in the British Isles, India, Australia, and the Hawaiian Islands, under the direction of Miss Potter, English instructor.

Miss Perry has chosen Lorraine Harpin, Andrea Cornfoot, Jane Gravel, and Claire Letendre, as her assembly pianists. If you are interested in playing in assembly, please notify Miss Perry.

These are new members in the orchestra: Ruth Johnson, accordion; Jane Gravel, clarinet; Wesley Carr, cornet; Francis Ehrhardt, saxophone; and Douglas Kerr, cornet. Many new pieces of music have been added to the files. Besides the operetta scores, the school has purchased "The Spirit of St. Louis March," "Consecration Overture," "A National Medley March," "Echoes of Grand Opera," and the "Marine Hymn."

To show how up and coming the Class of 1942 is — they've decided to sponsor the class song contest early in their senior year so that it may be sung at all important events.

We'll be having a champion boxer around the school soon if Thomas Coughlin keeps practicing with that punching bag in his attic.

Have you noticed the secretive smiles on the Tri-Hi girls' faces? Well, it's all because they each have a peanut friend. For you bewildered students to whom "peanut friends" are unknown, let me explain. The name, address, and birthday of each girl is written on a piece of paper and inserted in an empty peanut shell. These are placed in a box and each girl draws the name of another club member to whom she sends anonymous cards and small gifts for a length of time.

The seventh graders recently enjoyed a comedy entitled "At the Pictures," which was presented during an activity period by a group of pupils under the direction of Mr. Holmes.

This year Agawam High can boast of a twirling class of twelve beginners besides the veterans.

AGAWAM SERVES

The Agawam Service Gift Association takes pleasure in presenting gifts for men in the service of their country. They have recently presented billfolds to the following service men, most of whom are graduates of the Agawam High School: Richard J. Shields, Edward J. Fitzgerald, William C. Lucardi, Alfred R. Meyer, Newel J. Platt, Thomas E. Colli, Donald R. Goss, Emile L. Paro, Antonio Viecelli, Joseph Agnoli, Francis J. Lavalette, Joseph N. Nasembeni, Herbert O. Wilson, Robert H. Miller, Leo S. Tonelli, Raymond E. Duclos, Charles J. Gerard, John A. Babcock, Donald C. MacCave, Douglas L. Safford, Carmino A. Iacovone, William R. Chiba, Romeo N. Berthiaume, Robert W. Ahern, Russell S. Guernsey, Edward J. Dougherty, Gilbert A. Fields, Adrian Utzinger, Robert D. Connor, Clarence R. Hawthorne, Frank D. Gatti, Alexander O. Adam, Norman D. Routson, Frederick T. Randall, Roy L. Linnehan, Dolpho Nardi, Arthur N. Provost, Lawrence Nadeau, Alfred S. Barden, Arthur E. Daigneau, Earl D. Daigneau, Leonard Carulli, Vincent F. Cirillo.

PATROL MARSHAL APPOINTED

Hubert Sands has been appointed marshal in charge of the Junior High Traffic Patrol. He is being assisted by assistant marshals, Lawrence Rivers and Bernard Keeley. Other members of the squad are James Fenn, Alfred Christopher, Joseph Tangocci, William Wells, Sumner Schwartz, Eugene Brown, Joseph Nacewitz, Paul Diduk, Fred Garlich, Larry Maiolo, Arthur Aloisi, John Brusseau, Edward Borgatti, Michael Morassi, Fred Ramah, and Kenneth Langdon. The alternates are Robert Geffrion and Douglas Clark.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

A baffling problem heard in Room 15: If the earth turns on its axis every twelve hours, which way is up?

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT NOTES

This department is feeling the loss of several older boys: William Myers, Harold Clark, and Ralph Bradford. All are holding responsible jobs. Our fine F. F. A. basketball squad of last year is completely wiped out, with the exception of one, William Drewnowski, who will carry heavy responsibility this winter. However, this year's enrollment is above the average and prospects for a successful year are really good.

On September 5th after a summer of projects and other farm practice, the judging teams got off to an early start at the Northampton Three County Fair. The fruit-judging and the vegetable-judging teams won the honors in their respective contests, and the individual members received several cash prizes.

Members of the Senior Class assisted in erecting and managing the F. F. A. booth at the Eastern States Exposition, and the poultry class had the big job of setting up the twenty-six cages for the Regional Poultry and Egg Judging Contest, where teams from twelve Northeastern States competed. As in previous years, Agawam High School Auditorium was used by the F. F. A. Regional Committee to conduct its preliminary Public Speaking Contest, which presented a fine program.

Officers for 1941-42 local chapter of Future Farmers of America are: President, William Drewnowski, '42; Vice-President, Herbert Morris, '43; Treasurer, Ralph Davis, '43; Reporter, Herbert Morris, '44.

SENIOR CLASS PREPARES FOR PLAY

Preliminary preparations for the Senior Class play are now under way with the election of the play reading committee consisting of Shirley Spring, Ruth Hauff, and Wallace Gulliver.

HOME ECONOMICS ACTIVITIES

Home Economics girls have constructed small looms and are weaving mats in connection with their study of textiles. The nine girls of the first-year class have been discussing cloth, color, design, and clothing this autumn and are starting food and nutrition during the second term. Visiting the Hoods Dairy was another event, in which the girls entered with enthusiasm, for they not only found out how the milk and ice-cream is prepared and bottled, but were given generous samples at the close of the tour.

Class Finds Butchering Interesting

Attending a demonstration in cutting and handling meats by an Armour meat-cutter was a novel experience for the second-year class taking the Home Economics Course. The girls are also becoming quite proficient at small menial tasks such as packing a faucet or repairing electric plugs in their Household Mechanics Departments. You boys are going to have your "thunder" stolen if you aren't careful!

JUNIORS BEGIN CLASS HISTORY

Don't the Juniors seem self-conscious to you? There's a plausible excuse for such pretense. Their class history is to be depicted by a motion picture covering all phases of high school activity in which the members participate. The film will be shown on class night.

Mr. Allan Hadley is doing the photographic work in co-operation with Miss Eleanor Smith, Junior class adviser, and a movie committee composed of Andrea Cornfoot, Leslie Moore, Donald Lewis, and Marion Langevin.

This renovation of old methods of preserving records of high school activities is an interesting one and the Junior class is to be congratulated for its originality. The movie should be a great success.

Marion Langevin, '43

MRS. BAKER DOESN'T SPARE THE ROD

"Straight from the shoulder" must be Mrs. Mary Carr Baker's motto since she neither spared the rod nor spoiled the student in her talks to the boys and girls of the school in separate assemblies the last of November. Mrs. Baker from the Massachusetts Health Department is certainly able to understand the problems of a high school student and defend her opinions on problems with common sense reasoning.

In her talks Mrs. Baker emphasized that students should have neater appearances, especially in regard to clean hands and face, hair combed, teeth brushed, and well laundered clothes. She urged the boys not to be bashful at dances and to talk to the "love-lorn" girls at school. She gave timely hints on making a good impression — such things as wearing ties, not honking the car horn and expecting a girl to come rushing out, watching others at a formal banquet. In the few minutes that remained the boys offered some criticisms for the girls: they talk too much and they look like "Indians on the war path." There certainly should be some improvements on the part of the boys after this excellent meeting.

Mrs. Baker's talk to the girls was similar to that of the boys. She said listening to gossip, wearing fancy clothes, and too much make-up were to be avoided if a girl wanted to make a good impression. After her regular speech, Mrs. Baker answered numerous questions. Among the most interesting was her answer to the question "What do you think of going 'steady' in high school?" Mrs. Baker answered, "Not much" and then explained saying that girls had everything to lose by going with one boy, since when she was "jilted," she was a "back-number" and no one would take her places. Also she mentioned that a girl would not be able to judge character if she did not have dates and meet as many people as possible. I'm sure the students found many of their problems solved after Mrs. Baker's talk.

Charles Tyler, '42
Claire Letendre, '42

ASSEMBLY REVIEWS — 1941

A colored movie on Youth Hosteling and two films on the American Indians were shown before the student body in October. Also at the beginning of the school year Mr. Manning, a police officer and inspector of Motor Vehicles, spoke to the assembly on "Accident Prevention." Another highlight of the fall assembly program was the appearance of Major Corbet of the Marine Corps who spoke to us concerning the concert of the U. S. Marine Band. Members of the eighth grade presented an excellent performance under the direction of Miss Lynch for the Columbus Day Program. Armistice Day was observed by an excellent program consisting of singing and an inspiring talk by Attorney Burke. A technicolor film on "The Declaration of Independence" and one showing views of Washington, The Nation's Capital, were presented in November.

"GOOD NEIGHBORS" ASSEMBLY

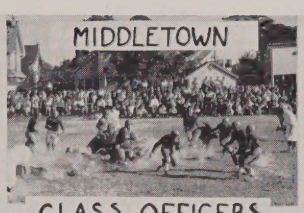
In an effort to acquaint the high school students with Latin-American Countries the seventh grade pupils under the direction of Miss Powers presented an unusual and pleasing Thanksgiving Assembly program on the theme "Thank God for Good Neighbors."

The program included a series of oral essays delivered by members of the class of '47 and various phases of Latin-American life. To illustrate the talks, a South American Folk dance was presented, the Seventh Grade Chorus sang *Carmencita* and *Serene is the Night,* and a stringed orchestra played other familiar Spanish songs, including *Juanita.*

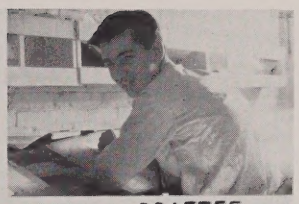
ALUMNI HONORED

Paul Adams, Jr., a senior at Massachusetts State College, is a candidate for Departmental Honors in chemistry and is on the Dean's List of his college. Dorothea E. Atwood, a member of the Senior class at Massachusetts State College, is also on the Dean's List.

HOCKEY PRACTICE



CLASS OFFICERS



DRAFTEE

HUGH

SENIOR

KILLER KEN

BUCK, JUNIOR

JUNIOR

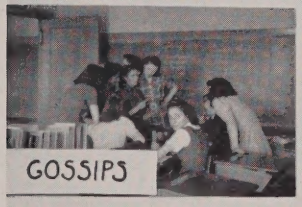
WHAT'S WRONG

HILDA

SOPHOMORE

"HONEY"

FRESHMAN

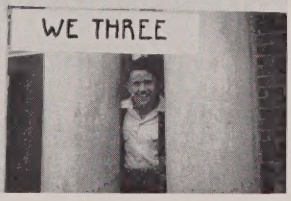


GOSSIPS

PRO MERITO

TUM-TA-TUM

MUSIC



WE THREE

TRI-HI REVIEWS

The Tri-Hi has successfully completed the first half of its program. The concerted aim has been to make the members conscious of their health and appearance.

On October 30 Mrs. Frederick Dayton of Classical High School gave an instructive lecture entitled "Design for Living, 1941-1942."

On November 6 Tri-Hi sponsored an assembly for all of the Senior High School girls. The speaker was Mrs. Mary Carr Baker of the Massachusetts Public Health Department.

The Seniors presented a dramatic skit, "Keep Klean Katie," on November 27. The Juniors retaliated with a performance entitled "Making Faces" on December 4.

The less serious side of the club's program started off with the "Corncob Cabaret," which was held on October 23 to celebrate Hallowe'en.

The climax of the social events was the Annual Fall Dance, on November 18.

A Christmas party on December 18 completed the program for the first half year.

Officers for the club are as follows: President, Claire Letendre; Vice-President, Ruth Raison; Secretary, Ruth Phelps; Treasurer, Lorraine Harpin.

GULLIVER DIRECTS COMMITTEE

An able committee headed by Wallace Gulliver is completing plans for the Senior Kid Party to be held December 22nd.

ROOM 4 SPONSORS CONTEST

Since all students' and teachers' minds are focused on manners, the eighth grade is holding a rather unique contest between the boys and girls: In Room 4 there are charts on which reporters keep a record of acts — either courteous or discourteous — committed by pupils of that grade. So far the boys are leading in the courtesies but unfortunately in the impolite acts also.

EIGHTH GRADE WORKS FOR DEFENSE

The eighth grade has entered actively into defense work, as is shown by a "defense census" compiled of their activities vacation.

Nineteen members of the class took care of children so that their parents might work in defense; fifty-eight students worked on farms, thus increasing rural production; nine newsboys aided in the distribution of international knowledge; thirty-nine contributed to the aluminum drive; twenty-seven contributed to the United Service Organization or purchased Defense Stamps and Bonds.

TYLER WINS HONOR

The results of the National Clerical Ability Tests which were taken in June were revealed in September. Charles Tyler, '42, headed the list with the highest composite score.

AUDIO-VISUAL GROUP

The Audio-Visual Assistants is a newly-formed group. The members have learned how to thread and operate a moving-picture projector and have familiarized themselves with the portable and permanent amplifier and the sound reinforcement system including the new gym unit. The members are also learning to operate a motion picture camera and to splice and generally care for motion picture films. This group who will be assistants in the work of making the documentary film of Agawam, are generally available for any sort of visual assistance in the Agawam schools. The members of this class are Clayton Atwater, senior operator; Dorothy Woodruff, Nancy Clark, George Guidi, Shirley Spring, Wallace Gulliver, Grace Shaylor, Fred Jezerski, Ardys Farnsworth, Edward Morris, Kenneth Leger, and Robert McCann.

FRESHMEN PUBLISH NEWSPAPER

The *Athenian Oracle* which has been published by the college division of the Freshman Class was composed of editorials, features, news, fashions, and cartoons. This period of Pyramus and Thisby was difficult to secure information on, as it was purely legendary. The publication was originated for the purpose of presenting to its readers the social customs and happenings in the days of ancient Greece, as they were portrayed in the play given by the Tradesmen in Shakespeare's *"Midsummer Night's Dream."* John Keane was editor, assisted by an editorial staff composed of Mary McQuesten, Paul Anderson, Mary Jane Earle, Priscilla Chamberlain, Thomas Rice, and Doris Govoni.

MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT ACQUIRES NEW MACHINES

The Manual Training Department feels most fortunate in having acquired two more machines: a wood work lathe, which will enable more boys to use lathes at the same time, and a metal lathe, which is used in making threads and in many useful projects. This department is again assisting the school this year in needy projects. Benches are being made for the lunchroom and a new loudspeaker for noon dancing, besides other small pieces of school equipment. Most of the boys have selected projects of furniture for this year's work.

FRENCH CLUB ELECTIONS

The French Club has elected the following officers: Lorraine Harpin, president; Andrea Cornfoot, vice-president; Joyce Fell, secretary; and John Wylie, treasurer. Miss Benotti is the adviser. An inaugural tea was held on October 8. Coming attractions will feature a Christmas Party and plays performed in French.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The "History of Aviation" is a comprehensive pictorial account of aviation from the first flight of the Wright Brothers to that of the China Clipper. This exceptionally good picture will be given January seventh.

"San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans" is the title of the movie which will be shown March fourth. The brief views of these three major United States cities will give a complete picture of each city.

On March eighteenth, there will be shown a film entitled "Canadian Program." This excellent movie will include pictures of the Prince Edward Islands, a trans-continental trip from Halifax to Vancouver, and also impressive scenes in the Canadian Rockies.

FRESHMAN WHO'S WHO

Ronald Heywood, Freshman class president, last year edited the Midget Mirror. Quite an accomplished athlete, Ronald prefers football and basketball.

The vice-president of the Freshman class, Mary McQuesten, has two unusual hobbies. She has an excellent button collection and is a proficient artist.

Betty Magiera, secretary of the Freshman class, is a picture collector. She boasts an admirable collection of movie stars.

Freshman class treasurer, Thomas Rice, is a baseball enthusiast. Thomas also likes the great outdoors and its related sports, hunting and fishing.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Charles Tyler ..... *President*

Ruth Phelps ..... *Vice-President*

Roland Swanson ..... *Treasurer*

Lorraine Harpin ..... *Secretary*

STUDENT COUNCIL HAS BUSY YEAR

The Student Council has elected the following officers for this year:

President, Ralph Heywood; Vice-President, Andrea Cornfoot; Secretary, Ruth Raison; Treasurer, Henry Daglio.

The Student Council is making a scrapbook of any articles about Agawam High School from the newspapers. All members are assisting in this project.

This club is also in charge of noon dancing and many bashful recruits are gradually being led onto the dance floor. A magic show was sponsored on December 5 in order to raise money for the purchase of records and for a new loud speaking system in the gym.

Some members have been assigned posts to keep order going to and from assemblies and in the lunchroom. It is the duty of every member to keep order in the corridors, assemblies, and outside the school at all times.

These ideas were stressed by Mr. Dacey in his talk to the council November 13 as foremost among the duties of a councilor. He also cited the privileges as well as the responsibilities of each member, and named ways by which Agawam could benefit by the experiences of Student Councils of other schools.

MASQUE ELECTIONS

At the first meeting of the Agawam Masque the following officers were elected:

President — Wesson Maillard
Vice-President — Shirley Linnehan
Secretary — Shirley Spring
Treasurer — John Wylie

TALENT REVEALED

Ruth Phelps and Wallace Gulliver starred in the Agawam Masque production, "Youth Adds a Dash of Pepper," presented in the school auditorium, December 10th.

PRO MERITOS ENTERTAINED

On the afternoon of October 17, members in this district assembled at Ludlow High School for the annual Pro Merito convention. During the discussion period ideas were exchanged on activities and special privileges. At the dinner special songs of greeting were enjoyed and Agawam delegates presented a short skit during the dinner program. The remainder of the evening was spent in old-fashioned and modern dancing The members from Agawam were: Lorraine Harpin, Ruth Raison, Elaine Salani, Shirley Spring, and Roland Swanson.

JUNIORS ELECT

Leslie Moore ..... *President*
Shirley Ahern ..... *Vice-President*
Henry Daglio ..... *Treasurer*
Marion Langevin ..... *Secretary*

PERSONALITY CLUB ORGANIZED

A Charm and Personality Club, which has been organized this year by Miss Dickerman, meets every other Monday night in Room 21. The following officers have been elected: President, Ruth Raison; Vice-President, Marion Langevin; Treasurer, Thomas Kwiatkowski; Secretary, Helen Smith.

JUNIOR COUNCIL

The Junior Council is an organization supervised by Mr. Purcell. Its purpose is to see that law and order are maintained in the Junior High School The officers are as follows: Ellen Letendre, president; Charles Hill, vice-president; Delores Rivers, secretary; Lucille Johnson, treasurer.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

Theodore Roosevelt once wrote to his son: "I want you to do well in your sports, and I want even more that you do well in your books, but I do not expect you to stand first in either, if so to stand would break you down and injure your health." This advice seems strange coming from a great President who, by constant exercise transformed himself from an ill weakling to a strong, resistant individual.

The high school student of today is given ample opportunity in both physical and mental activities. Some, however, neglect daily exercise in favor of constant studying. This is the "bookworm" type who in time becomes physically stale. He claims he is pursuing a career and has no time for athletics. Genius is a great asset — civilization couldn't go on without it; but did you know that Emerson died a feebleminded man? I do not wish to impress you with the idea that you will become feebleminded if you are not an athlete; but you will certainly agree that an hour of physical limbering up daily will ease the monotony of constant mental strain.

Then there's the individual who gives his all for sports with no consideration whatever for education. This type becomes the musclebound simpleton who can lift a truck but knows not the element in the very air he breathes. Society has no use for him — he is worse off than the bookworm.

Mental and physical ability are complementary. Everyone, boy or girl, should realize this and do his best both to attain the benefits of athletics and to be a good student.

Samuel Grimaldi, '42

THE PROSPECTS

Basketball

Mr. Smith has the task of rebuilding the basketball team nearly all down the line. Last year's veteran team has been lost through graduation and there are only three lettermen on hand to open the campaign, Magiera, Lavotti, and Battaro.

There is another tough schedule for the boys to face this year but there are many promising recruits on hand crying for positions on the team.

Hockey

Last year the hockey team did surprisingly well for the first year in competition after a long "layoff," and again this year Mr. Purcell is very optimistic about the chances of the squad. He recently stated that with a center and a goalie he could really "go places" this year. There's a chance for some of you hockey enthusiasts to show your worth. With these two positions filled the boys will hold their own against any Western Massachusetts sextet. The veterans on this year's squad are: Heywood, Rosso, Barbieri, Smith, Moore, Linnehan and Maillard.

Baseball

Since the baseball team has a long list of veterans. Mr. Oulton is looking forward to this year with a great deal of optimism. The boys will face another tough schedule this spring, and, though it is a little early to predict, this year's Agawam "nine" will be no "soft touch" for anyone.

Among the boys back to aid the cause are Mason, Rosso, Grasso, Lavotti, Nolin, Grimaldi, Battaro, Barbieri, and Williams.

Tennis

The boys of the tennis team, according to Coach Purcell, will be entered into the Valley Wheel competition and should fair well.

Tennis is a sport requiring a great deal of skill acquired only through constant practice. It is too bad that our tennis team has so little support. It would be a good idea if everyone would give his full support to the boys who work so hard. Members of the tennis team this year include Maillard, Linnehan, Barker, Saltzman, Hart, and Gulliver.

WITH SECONDS TO GO

Seconds to go and yet no score;
Each play is climaxed with a roar
Bursting forth from crowded stands,
Jammed with people, banners, and bands
Who come to see this game of games,
And listen for familiar names.
Back to the huddle the boys quickly come,
And after signals to the line they run.
With perfect time and coordination
Eleven boys fall into formation.
Soon as they hear the backfield's sign,
They dash up to the opposing line,
Blocking backs and interference,
Round the end with great coherence.
Each boy plays with heart and soul
Until that ball's across the goal.

Noel Brown, '42

JUNIOR HIGH SPORTS

The boys in the Junior High got off to an early start this year by electing football captains in September.

The captains elected in the eighth grade were for Room 1, Hubert Sands; Room 2, Lawrence Rivers; Room 3, Mike Morassi; and Room 4, Frank Bovat.

It was decided that because of the size of the boys in the special class, they were to be placed in competition against the eighth grade. The captain elected from Room 9 was John Stanton.

This race was hotly contested and Rooms 9 and 4 were so close at the finish that it was found convenient to play a best-two-of-three-game series. At this present writing the championship has not been decided.

The captains elected in the seventh grade included: John Shibley, Room 7; Stuart Kibbe, Room 8; Roy West, Room 10; and John McQuestion, Room 11.

The outcome of this race was never in doubt, and Room 7 came out on top by a series of six straight victories.

The system in use this year is 100 points for a victory and 50 points for a tie.

Much credit must be given to Mr. Wilkinson, the faculty adviser, and the other Junior High teachers for promoting such an excellent program and for keeping the spirit of sportsmanship alive in the Junior High.

HI-Y ELECTIONS

Hi-Y started a new year on Friday, September 26. George Guidi was chosen president, Wesson Maillard was elected vice-president, Richard Stapleton, acting secretary, and Wallace Gulliver treasurer. The program of the fall season was high-lighted by the Victory Dance given November 1. The committee for this dance was capably headed by Clayton Atwater.

FOOTBALL PARADE

The football team jumped off to a flying start this year by defeating Middletown (Conn.) High School at home by a 19 to 7 count. Outstanding performer in this game was Captain Eddie Mason who averaged 7½ yds. per try from scrimmage. This game was well played and Coach Smith displayed a team which was destined to give any club a battle for top honors.

In the second game the boys traveled up to meet Coach Fox's strong Adams eleven. The teams were evenly matched and battled to a 6-6 tie. Again it was Mason who tallied Agawam's lone marker behind marvelous blocking.

The third contest was won by Agawam 38 to 0 over an outplayed Palmer squad. The Palmer lads fought gallantly but proved no match for the Agawam boys. The result was never in doubt.

Next, the boys journeyed up to Turners Falls where they tasted defeat for the first time by being on the short end of an 18-7 count. This game was won, largely by the breaks which went without a doubt to Turners Falls. Heywood and Tyler excelled in the line while Mason and Battaro stood out in the backfield.

On the following Saturday (at home) again the Agawam boys went under to a strong, heavy Holyoke team by a 13-7 score. Holyoke is one of the strongest teams in Western Mass. and it certainly is no disgrace to the boys to lose this game. The game was close all the way. Agawam scored first, but Holyoke came back with two touchdowns in rapid fire to clinch the decision.

The objective game of the season was played as a Turkey Day contest. It was attended by 3500 people. The boys also dropped this one by a 13-7 count. The game was hotly contested in the first half and neither team scored, but in the second half Jeserski scored from the 3-yard line. But with only six minutes to go the West Side lads countered twice through Veto's passing.

Although this 1941 eleven didn't enjoy an entirely successful season, they are a team of which Agawam is proud.

Francis Nolin, '43

OUTSTANDING ALUMNI

Some of the outstanding members of our last year's football team are stationed in various colleges throughout the United States. Robert Healy, who is a member of the U. S. Coast Guard Academy plays center on the football team. Joseph Pisano is Captain of the Freshman football squad at North Carolina State College. John Walker, a freshman at North Carolina State College, is playing guard, the same position he held in Agawam. Norman Regnier, who is at Massachusetts State College, is also playing the position of guard on the freshman team.

GIRLS' SPORTS

"What team are you on?" was echoing throughout the halls after the college teams were chosen for the year. Four of the best players in the Senior Class were noted as captains of various college teams and from the four senior classes each chose a team. The leaders are as follows:

Louis Mandirol — Dartmouth — Green
Lorraine Ardizoni — Harvard — Red
Carol Henry — Yale — Blue
Lorraine Harpin — Princeton — Orange

Each member of these teams was given a little miniature hockey stick pin decorated with the color of her college team.

Gloria Caruso, '43

SEVENTH GRADE CHAMPIONS

Room 7 is the seventh grade football champion for this year. The captain of its team is Leonard Johnson; the best player is John Shibley. The team improved by practicing during the gym period and at noon. The following schedule shows the final standing of the teams:

Room	Won	Lost	Tied
7	5	0	1
8	2	1	3
10	1	4	1
11	1	4	1

THE WATER-WITCH

James F. Cooper

Cooper molded into composite form the legends of witches on land and buccaneers on the high seas, to constitute a great novel of early American life. The unearthly Water-Witch, although only a wooden figurehead, guided the pirate ship through its many voyages, and into the lives of la Belle Barberie, Ludlow, the Skimmer of the Seas, and Seadrift.

The entire story is sprinkled with the local color of the day. The scene is laid in colonial New York after its seizure by the British. Dress is minutely described, and one may easily picture the quaint Colonial costumes of the characters.

Cooper's clear insight and understanding of all his characters, from the mercenary alderman to the forseeing Water-Witch herself, is an omnipresent factor throughout the story. The voyages of the charmed brigantine and their effect on the romance of Ludlow and la Belle Barberie form an interesting narrative.

The novel makes one realize that history is a living, thriving thing, composed not of events, but of people, human and fascinating.

Marion Langevin, '43

THE BURNING OF THE DUMP

Writhing columns of fire rose from piles of blackened tin cans and flaming rubbish. The crackling flames were like uplifted arms reaching for the fluffy clouds or sunbeams in the heavens, but lazily mixing with the air in a grey mist before they had traveled a yard. Clouds of opaque blackness poured forth from smoking tar barrels, barring from sight all background scenery except a few tall trees whose scorched branches reached to the point where the heavy smoke curtains blended into a more nearly transparent dimness.

Mary McQuesten, '45

HOW TO BUILD A TRAP

It is a simple procedure to build a trap suitable to capture any small animal, such as bothersome mice, rats, and even escaped rabbits. The main job is to find a long wooden box about six inches high, six inches wide, and about a foot and a half long, with the top covered. Fix the ends so as to have them slide up and down easily when released. To the back of the box attach two strips of wood about six inches from each end and protruding about a foot above the top of the box. At the top of each of these strips screw on a loop screw so a cord can pass easily. To the top of each of the movable ends attach another loop screw where a cord can be tied on later. After this is done, drill a hole in the center of the back about an inch from the bottom. Through this hole you put a strip of metal protruding through a slot on the front about three inches. At the protruding end file a notch. Above the slot, about three inches, place another notch in the box to be used as a rest for a piece of wood with a string attached to it, which would rest on the notch of the wood and the notch on the metal. When the animal finds out that he can see through the box, he will touch the metal and therefore slam the ends shut.

Sandy DiDonato, '43

DINNER TIME

Up stairs in Junior's room
  Jack Armstrong's loud and clear.
In sister's room a swing band
  Blares forth fit to split the ear.
Dad's got his favorite news-man
  Tuned in down stairs — And how!
Oh, dinner time's a riot since
  We all have radios now.

Patricia Jameson, '44

Sleet, snow, ice —
Cold, blasty winds, too —
All may herald winter
But I like it; do you?

Ruth Raison, '42

PERSONALITY POINTERS

THE GIRLS' VIEWPOINT

Courtesy is the first thing I look for in a boy. — Priscilla Kerr, '42

Neatness and good manners make the first and lasting impressions. — Doris Meehan, '42

If you can't make people feel at ease, no one will notice other good qualities. — Elizabeth Eberhahn, '43

A loud and obnoxious manner covers up any good qualities a person may have. — Marjorie Helfrich, '44

As far as I'm concerned, boys should use their manly strength to open doors instead of pushing people in the halls. — Mary McQuesten, '45

I think "pep" is important to popularity. — Claire Shaylor, '47

Tact is a quality many boys lack. — Helen Smith, '42

Laziness is one habit I can't stand. — Lorraine Gallerani, '45

THE BOYS SAY

A girl with at least a little knowledge of the value of money goes a long way with a fellow like me. — Justin Wilke, '42

Neatness is the first characteristic I look for in a girl. — Frank Evangelist, '43

One quality I admire most in a girl is self-respect. — Wallace Gulliver, '42

Sincerity ranks highest with me. — Charles Rood, '42

The appearance of his personal belongings tells a good deal about a person. — George Dacey, '47

A good-natured girl is "tops" with me. — Francis Nolin, '43

The ability to listen is a quality many people lack. — Hubert Sands, '46

The type of girl a boy likes is one who is well-mannered. — Louis Rosso, '42

TO A POTATO

Little 'tater in the ground
Why don't you grow more round?
If you grew a certain size,
Peeling could be mechanized.

Wesson Maillard, '42

Confucious say when report cards come in — you go out.

Confucious say person who sit on tack smart fellar. He always get the point.

I saw an old man on the street;
His appearance was so very neat
A car soon "whizzed" by
And splashed mud in his eye.
What he said I cannot repeat!

Robert Southworth, '45

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

Well, here's what you've been waiting for, a little charm chatter to glorify the Agawam High School coed. Step up and take a bow! Say, that's the official high school uniform you're wearing, isn't it — skirt, sweater, sport shoes, and socks — and you're looking smart we say. Tottering around on French heels in silks and satins with delusions of glamor is just plain silly when you can be comfortable and attractive in more suitable clothes. *News Flash* — Serpent spines not in style this season; the most scintillating sub-debs have a new slogan: Straight and slim, with "tummies" in! Stanley Snooper reports from the classroom front that hauling out paint boxes and raking your hair is one less reason why a fellow wants to know you better. Stanley Snooper also accuses fair females of being ferocious felines with little encouragement. By the way, you gals better give your Emily Post a glance before telling the boys about the social errors they commit. Just for fun check yourself: — do you jump right up when a teacher approaches? Do you give the masculine element a chance to show its strength in opening doors, closing windows, picking up books? *Conversation quips* — Are you Giggling Gertie (you'd recognize her babble in a blackout), Bold Betty (she doesn't know a lady keeps her language out of the waste basket), or the other dilemmas of discourse — Mumbling Maggie, Baby-talk Babs, Slangy Sadie, Haughty Hattie?

Whatever you do
Wherever you go
"Be Smooth" is the motto we'd like you to know.

Personality Polly

There was a man named Skinny
Who had a wife named Ginny.
She was terribly fat
And boy what a spat —
Her temper was not at all "thinny."

Veneta Penna, '45

JOKES

Miss Ward: What was the Mayflower Compact?

Bright Student: It was a thing that the lady Pilgrims used to powder their noses.

Two boys coming out of Consumer's Science:

1st Boy: "I've been going out with Jean all summer, but now she won't go."

2nd Boy: "Well, don't worry. It's time to change to your winter 'goil.' "

Miss Smith: "Connor, please close the window. When I sit here between the door and windows, I am right in a draft."

Guidi: "You're caught in the draft, Miss Smith."

Mr. Hadley: (dictating to Lorraine Harpin).
"A carboy holds 50 gallons."
Lorraine Harpin: (transcribing)
"A cowboy holds 50 gallons!"

Mr. Purcell: What are you chewing, Roy?

Roy Webler: Rubber.

Mr. Purcell: Don't you know there's a rubber shortage?

Teacher: What are diacritics?

Pupil: A nurse who takes care of the patients' meals.

Mr. Langlois: Define "Dumb Dora."

R. Southworth: A dumb female.

Mr. Langlois: There's no such thing as a dumb female.

Miss Smith: What's the answer, Moore?

Several voices: 2x.

Miss Smith: When I said Moore, I didn't mean "Moore" people.

TABLE-TALK

Teacher	Favorite Food
Mr. Benjamin Phelps	Lobster
Mr. Frederick Dacey	Baked Ham
Mr. Edwin Fry	Steak and French Fries
Mr. Allan Hadley	Steamed Clams
Mr. Raymond Harris	Fried Lobster
Mr. Daniel Holmes	New England Boiled Dinner
Mr. Paul Langlois	Mushrooms
Mr. Raymond Montagna	Sugar-cured Ham
Mr. Louis Moseley	Succotash
Mr. Arthur Oulton	Hamburgers
Mr. William Purcell	Steak — Slightly Sun-tanned
Mr. John Quirk	Steak — well done
Mr. Harmon Smith	Lobster
Mr. Richard Wilkinson	Steak — medium

It is with due apology to the feminine members of the faculty that we have presented this chart for gastronomic preferences of the masculine faculty members. We feel them to be the more enthusiastic supporters of this vital avocation of eating.

DEAR OLD AGAWAM

Dear old Agawam,
  Best team in the land.
We'll fight for Agawam
  And give her a helping hand.

We'll cheer for Agawam
  And aid to victory
Dear old Agawam,
  We'll ever faithful be.

Cheer! ! all over town.
Cheer! ! Orange and Brown.
A - G - A - W - A - M
Almost at the top
And she will never stop,
Dear Old Agawam.

Barbara French, '42

A GOOD-NATURED COP

My name is Silentster Mac Nopp,
  A rollicking good-natured cop,
I caught you speeding, but you went on unheeding,
  So, now, I had to tell you to stop.
Don't give me a line,
  Or I'll double your fine.
  But, here, take this little ticket to sign.

Joyce Fell, '44

There was a young fullback named Ray
Who broke a record, they say,
But though he ran far
And was a good star,
He found he had run the wrong way.

Shirley Franklin, '43

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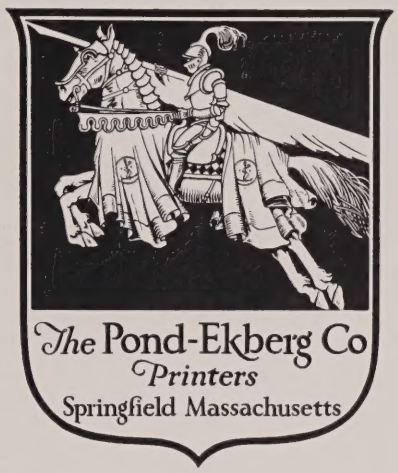

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